

**and these scars
show how much i
love you**

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Summary:

you can take away your soulmates pain, and bill will always do that for stanley

and these scars show how much i love you

bill denrbough and stanley uris are thirteen when they find out they are soulmates. they are thirteen and unsure who they are and who they like and are afraid of the prejudice in the world, but when henry bowers cuts into stan's leg during a beating and leaves him with bloody pants, bill is there for him.

this is how they find out they are soulmates, with stan freaking out about how deep the cut is, the risk of it needing stitches or it getting infected (he was on the floor, dirt *must* have gotten into it). he was freaking out and bill tried to ease his worries as he cleaned his wound, but with every pained face and hiss when the damp towel met the cut on his leg bill felt his heart break at the sight. stan did not deserve this, and seeing that face bill couldn't help but just *stare* at when they hung out contorted in physical pain gave *him* emotional pain.

he wished he could take away stan's pain, and coincidentally he did. as stan's face relaxed and he uttered a "it doesn't hurt anymore." bill shrieked at the sudden pain in his leg. looking down there it was, that thin slice that was once on stan's leg now on bill's. the shock on both their faces matched, and this was how they fell in love.

of course this was before georgie was taken, before kids slowly went missing, before their nightmares became a reality and they had to fight things children their age should never fight.

that was how bill found himself in a situation of intense pain, and one he never wanted stan to be in again.

stanley uris was an image of perfection, a walking angel with those curls seemingly like a halo when the sun hit it in just the right way. but right now there was no sun to hit those caramel colored curls, there was barely even any light to see, and bill denbrough didn't know how to feel.

he was here for georgie, for beverly, for eddie corcoran and veronica grogan and betty ripsom. he was here for every person who had suffered at the hands of IT, for everyone who had lost their lives far earlier than they should have, he was here to avenge the pain in his heart and the young boy in galoshes that never found his way home. bill denbrough was a hero, or at least he wanted to be.

stan uris, on the other hand, was not. he wasn't cowardly, he wasn't a villain, or a sidekick, but he wasn't a hero. he was an ethereal being that wasn't meant to be in such a dirty place, he was supposed to be at home, implacably clean and happy. bill wanted to do what was right but he didn't want to put stan in danger, he didn't want to put the boy that seemed to be the object of his idolatry in a position where he could lose his life. god's were supposed to be immortal, and bill was killing his god.

they were down in the dark and dank sewers, a place meant for the monsters of the world and it's victims, but down here was bill denbrough and his group of misfits. they were all at the ripe age of thirteen, adolescence slowly creeping up on them, but the heart of a child still keeping them afloat in this chaotic world.

and this all led back to bill denbrough's feelings, and the confusion he felt about them. he was happy to be here, willing is more the word, because if he wasn't here he'd live the rest of his life mourning a brother he never found and staying in the toxicity of his broken mind.

but he was also filled with guilt. guilt that he brought stan uris, the embodiment of a god, here. he felt guilty that stan, who didn't want to be apart of this since the beginning, was risking his life for him. he felt bad that stan, who hated anything dirty, was covered in mud and sewer water. bill could almost hate himself for doing this to stan, and yet a sense of his heroism defended his actions and pushed those thoughts of his head (only for a moment's time before they came all rushing back).

he was conflicted and confused, but there was only one path to take and it was straight to the monsters lair. it was too late to turn back now, too late to save the boy he loved, and too late to fix every bad decision that had happened so far.

he hoped stan would be safe, be okay, come out of neibolt as okay as he could be. he knew he was hoping for the impossible, but it was better than nothing.

this all shattered when he heard eddie's voice behind him, a small utter of "where's stan?", and his heart began to beat uncontrollably. he looked back at his group of friends, searching through their heads for the curls he had wrapped around his fingers just the day before. nowhere to be seen, bill seemed to reach out to nothing, in hopes of grabbing the hand of his soulmate who wasn't there.

"what d-d-do you m-mean? h-he w-w-was with you g-g-uys." he tried to overcome his stutter, spit it out in this dire situation, but he continued to stumble over his words as he frantically looked for stan.

"i don't know, he was right here and now he's gone. i don't know what happened." eddie responded, panicked too, and they all began to walk down the sewers in search for the bird boy.

each one screaming his name, but bill lead the group as he ran through the shitty water and stuttered stanley's name full force. his scream of his lover's name echoed in the circular walls, flowing down the tubes of the sewers. yet no response, nothing heard except their screams for the missing boy who didn't answer.

running and running with their flashlights to navigate in the dark until they found him. laying on the floor that would ruin his clothes, everything was visible except his face. that, his beautiful face, was covered by IT. it in a form to terrify the boy he loved so dearly, and bill couldn't look away. it was like a car accident, a dead

body on the floor, you couldn't look away even if you wanted to. he watched as stan's body squirmed underneath IT, and bill was worried it would move away and stan's face would be gone and be digested in IT's stomach.

it was a horrible sight, but bill swore he would be the hero of this story, and if he couldn't be the hero for his soulmate how could he expect to be the hero for anyone else? he moved towards the monster eating away at the one he loved, only having his tiny fists to beat it away, but before he could even do just that it moved. the monstrous head of the woman was disfigured and distorted, a peculiar sight to see, but IT just smiled and slithered away into the darkness where the flashlight didn't reach. bill couldn't believe it had just left like that, didn't attack them when they were so weak, but he couldn't think about his own safety anymore.

he turned to stan, flashing the light on what he expected to be a faceless corpse, but let out a breath of relief at the sight of stan as he was before. except, he wasn't like before. he had blood dripping down the sides of his face, he was hyperventilating and crying and losing it more than bill had ever seen before. he ran over to him, took him in his thin arms, and just wanted to hold him until the mental and physical pain went away.

"you left me. you brought me to neibolt house, made me go in the sewers and get dirty, and left me with IT to die! you left me to die! you don't love me! you don't love me at all!" stan yelled, his arms staying limp at his side as he choked out sobs and found himself short of breath.

bill could feel tears prickle down his face, go down his neck uncomfortably as he tried not to cry. he had to be the strong one, he had to be there for stan. he held him closer to his chest, petting his curls down hoping to give him some comfort. hearing the words that stan spit out to him broke him inside, knowing that stan thought he would do this intentionally hurting more than almost anything could.

"d-d-don't say that, stan, p-please d-don't say t-t-that. i l-l-l-love you, i do, you k-know i do. i w-would do anything for you, i will do anything f-f-for you. i'm s-so s-sorry, i'm s-so sorry. i d-didn't leave you, we didn't know where you w-went, i'm sorry. i w-w-won't leave your s-side again, i'm with you n-n-now baby, i w-won't leave. i love you. i l-love you. i do, i love you." he insisted in stan's ear, a tender whisper in the ear of a frantic boy losing all sense of sanity.

he feels stan calm down in his arms, his panting stopping to a calmer, more regular spouts of breath. bill calmed himself with this, moving away just to bring stan's face in his hands. "let m-me see what h-h-happened, let me see w-w-where it got you."

stan didn't respond, just looked at him with chapped lips and red eyes. bill's heart continued to break, and if they both made it out of here alive he would do everything he could to make it up to stanley.

looking at the blood dripping down his face he felt sick, never wanting to see stan

hurt, and he knew what he had to do. he always did it when stan was hurt, even when stan insisted he could handle the pain, but bill did it anyway. he continued to hold stan's face in his as he closed his eyes and prepared himself for the pain of teeth puncturing the side of his face.

he whimpered with the pain, trying not to scream, trying to seem strong so stan didn't feel guilty for bill taking the pain. that was the last thing he wanted, stan feeling bad for him. so he took all the pain, he took the injuries and he took the blood, and when he opened his eyes he could feel the warmth of his blood pooling out of his sides but smiled as he saw the wholes in stan's face gone and the dried blood seeming to come from nowhere.

"i'll n-n-never let you be hurt, stan, n-never." it was a promise without having to say the word, and bill could only hope he could keep that promise.

they all got out of it alive with pieces of their sanity missing, but all bill could care about was that they were *alive*. he looked around his circle of friends, his face covered with bandaids and gauze to cover the bite marks that were once on stanley, and he smiled at the sight of them all.

they all went through unspeakable horrors and were *here*, sitting in the grass and making a promise he hoped they would all keep. he knew he would, and he intended to keep another promise he made while in neibolt.

as the group slowly dwindled off it was left to him and stan, and now alone bill moved over and rested his hand on stan's crossed knees. sometimes he too needed to be comforted and feel his boyfriends hands in his hair.

which is what stan did, he began to run his hands through bill's straight and silky hair, feeling bill's heat radiate on his legs. he loved this boy, he loved him so much.

"i'm sorry for what i said in neibolt. i was scared and hurt, but i know you love me. i shouldn't have said that. i'm sorry."

bill looked up at stan, a face of confusion and anger all mixed together. "d-don't apologize. you d-don't have to b-be sorry. i understand. it's o-okay." bill understood stan perfectly and understood him in that moment. that's why they're soulmates.

"i love you bill." stan smiled for the first time since neibolt as he said this, making bill's heart race and sit up to stan's level.

"i l-l-love you too, stan." bill responded, face to face with stan, just a little taller. the two smiled at each other in silence, the light breeze rippling through the grass and making an atmosphere perfect for the two boys.

bill's hand went to cup stan's cheek, rubbing the smooth surface and just admiring his love. so beautiful, so perfect. a walking god on this earth that could be hell, and

bill's angel. he leaned in to kiss those lips, feeling like a mere mortal kissing a god. he was so lucky, and he was so in love.